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IX. *A Letter from Robert More Esq; to the President, containing several curious Remarks in his Travels through Italy.*

S I R,

Read June 14. 1750. I FIND myself so agreeably led through *Italy* by your Letter, which I received from Mr. *Watson*, that I cannot help adding to the Trouble I before gave you, this, with my hearty Thanks.

When I got to *Barcelona*, I did not indeed find an Opportunity of going immediately to *Naples*, as you proposed; yet am I not sorry that I was forced through the South of *France*, where are many Places, I thought, well worth seeing.

When I got into *Italy*, it was most convenient for me to hasten to *Rome*; where I spent the Winter; and went early to meet the Spring at *Naples*; from which I began your Route.

You cannot more regret your own not having seen the natural Curiosities of that Place, than I do the Loss thereby to the Public. The Voyage-writers do not seem to me sufficiently to have considered the Force and Effects of Steam, which may be formed by Springs of Water falling upon a vast Surface of the fluid *Lava*, and talk too much of Sulphur, deceived by the Complexion of a Salt that covers the Ground in some Places there. In the *Solfatara* I held a cold Iron in the Vent, and there ran down it a Stream of Water. When I went down into the *Crater* on the Top of *Vesuvius*, it was full of Smoak.

Smoak. Yet I did not perceive it suffocating, and thought it Stream. The Guides indeed tell the *English*, that a Milorde of their Country was suffocated there: Being asked his name, they think it was my Lord *Plinio*. That which they call Sulphur, when I got it home, ran *per deliquium*.

I owe to you the seeing of *Beneventum*; a Place full of Antiquities. At *Arienzo*, a Village half-way to it, I saw Coppice-woods, from which they make *Manna*. They are of the Tree which our Gardeners call the flowering Ash. The Manna is procured by wounding the Bark at the Season, and catching the Sap in Cups: It begins to run (they used the Scripture-Term *Piovere*, i. e. *to rain*) the Beginning of *August*; and, if the Season proves dry, they gather it 5 or 6 Weeks. The King has a great Revenue from it; yet the Tree grows as well in *England*.

At *Terni* I was obliged to your Directions for seeing the Cascade below, as well as above. I went down by the Side of the Precipice; which I believe few have done; or they would not imagine the Fall so little as *Misson* make it, very short of what the People of the Place call it. — Mr. *Addison*, on the contrary, makes the Aqueduct at *Spoletto* as many Yards, as I take it to be Palms. One finds indeed strange Incorrectness in all the Travel-writers (tho' you very justly recommended the best) when one reads them upon the Spot. — One of them conjectures the fine Bridge in Ruins at *Narni* might have been an Aqueduct, which manifestly rose all the Way towards the Town, to ease the steep Ascent to it. But I was most surpris'd to see Mr. *Addison* mis-

quote

quote a *Latin Verse* of *Bembo's*, under a Statue of *Bacchus*, which I think he calls *Apollo's*.

I believe the *Museum* of the *Specula* at *Bologna* is improved since you were there; the joint Collections of Count *Marfigli*, *Marchese Cospi*, *Aldrovandus*, and others, form the finest Set of natural Curiosities I ever saw; and are now improving by the Munificence of the present Pope.

I had certainly missed seeing the continual Fires upon the *Apennines*, by the Badness of the Weather, if it had not been for your Caution. I indeed saw that at *Fiorenzuola* only at a Distance; but I spent good Part of a Night over a more considerable one, as they told me, at *Pietra Mala*, a Village among the Snows. The Fire I imagine to be of the same sort with that about a little Well at *Brofely** in *Shropshire*; of which I think the *Society* has had an Account; the same as of the foul Air sent them from Sir *James Lowther's*† Coal-pits; and the like made by a Gentleman with Filings of Iron and Oil of Vitriol. The Flame here, when I saw it, was extremely bright, cover'd a Surface of about 3 Yards by 2, and rose about 4 Feet high. After great Rains and Snows, they said, the whole bare Patch, of about 9 Yards Diameter, flames. The Gravel, out of which it rises, at a very little Depth, is quite cold. There are three of these Fires in that Neighbourhood; and there was one they call extinct. I went to the Place to light it up again, and left it flaming.

The

* See *Philos. Transf.* N^o. 482, p. 371.
N^o. 442, p. 282.

† N^o 482, p. 109.

The Middle of the last Place is a little hollowed, and had in it a Puddle of Water : There were strong Ebullitions of Air through the Water. But that Air would not take Fire ; yet what rose through the Wet wet and cold Gravel flamed brightly. Near either of these Flames, removing the Surface of the Gravel, that below would take Fire from lighted Matches.

Sir, I beg Leave to repeat my Thanks for your kind Assistance in this Tour, and to profess myself

Your most obliged, and

Leghorn, June 5. N. S.
1750.

obedient Servant,

Robert More.

X. *Extract of Letter from Mr. William Arderon F. R. S. to Mr. Henry Baker F. R. S. containing an Account of a Dwarf ; together with a Comparison of his Dimensions with those of a Child under four Years old ; by David Erskine Baker.*

Norwich, May 12, 1750.

Read June 14. 1750. “ **J**OHAN Coan, a Dwarf, was born at Twitshall in Norfolk, in the Year
“ 1728, and has been shewn in this City for some
“ Weeks past. I weigh’d him myself Apr. 3, 1750, and
“ his Weight, with all his Cloaths, was no more than
“ 34 Pounds. I likewise carefully measured him, and
“ found